Uncreative Poem (Facebook Feed)

I so don't get it.

Anna runs around and feeds sheep and breaks stuff. She's been glued to that book for three hours now.

The boys raise cows and kill them for the leather to make things. Iceburgs. Cakes. Chickens. I have also heard the sheep.

Oh it was just as terrible as I remembered.  
Doing a little work that involved this beast. Somebody had to do it!